

dirty

a supplement to

sassy



fuel for thought



**YOUTH
CULTURE?**

TOP TEN REASONS to start outdoor cross-training.

10. Want to see where **TOILET PAPER** comes from.
9. Big fat guy at gym started wearing **ZEBRA SKIN TIGHTS**.
8. No **HOT DOG** vendors on trail.
7. Less likely to run into people you owe **MONEY** to.
6. Few **FOREST CREATURES** have cellular phones.
5. Thumper's zany sense of **HUMOR**.
4. No **BAUHAUS** architecture in nature.
3. Deer Doo is smaller than **DOG DOO**.
2. After one hour on **STAIRCLIMBER** you're still on the same floor.
1. The new **AIR MOWABB** outdoor cross-training shoe from Nike.

The Air Mowabb is an excellent shoe for running on trails, riding mountain bikes, climbing hills, jumping streams or sprinting away from bears. It also looks kind of cool. Especially when you wear it with ACG, All Conditions Gear.



World champion mountain bike racer John Tomac is wearing the ACG™ Shagmaster Half Zip sweatshirt and Mowabb short and the Air Mowabb outdoor cross-training shoe. For more information on ACG™ outdoor cross-training footwear and apparel, call 1-800-255-8ACG. Honest.

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SCUBA 200

thanks

Our families, a guy named Gork and his anonymous friend with the greasy t-shirts, Sassy staff—female & non-female, World Industries, Neil Feineman, Kevin Wilkins, Roger Bridges, Thomas Campbell, Bernie, Joe Polevy, McGoo, Fran @ Transworld, Megan Baltimore, "Ben", Jason Lee & Marissa, Natas Kaupas, Ray Barbee, Alan @ Rolling Stone, Steve @ S. I. For Kids, Susan @ GQ, Guy Mariano, Den One, Mark "Cool" Gonzales, Janice J., Kelley J., Robzine Rob, Dancing Fish Sue, McGoo, The Jeff Tremaine Experience, Bruce Lee, and anyone who was even remotely nice to us on the phone.

SOUND TRACK

Ice T: Original Gangster.
Jane's Addiction: Nothing's Shocking.
Primus: Sailing The Seas of Cheese.
Smashing Pumpkins: Gish.
Cadillac Tramps: Cadillac Tramps.
Jump With Joey: Wednesday Night @ The King King.
Fishbone: The Reality of My Surroundings.
Son Of Bazerk: Bazerk, Bazerk.
Jonathan Richman: The Bescerkly Years.

COVER CREDITS

Flaming TV photo by Spike Jonze. Shot within a frisbee throw of the Torrance Fire Department, who had no idea any of this was going on in their own backyard. Long live youth.
Ice T photo by Spike Jonze, taken live in concert in Los Angeles, "home of the body bag", as Ice himself is fond of saying.
Kari Wuhrer photo by Sunny Bak. Yeow.
Shawn Palmer photo by Fran Richards. Backside tweakage in France. Yeow.
Cover design and match lighting by Andy Jenkins.

"what gives?"

"If you don't stop picking on your brother right this minute, I'm going to take a spatula to your bottom, young man!"

Is that perfectly clear?"

My mother would often punctuate her sentences with the term "young man" when I crossed that threshold of tolerance separating safety from threats of spatula-beatings. Somehow I always managed to sweet talk my way out of any kitchen utensil abuse, but I must admit that until I was about nine years old, I thought a young man was someone who had been bad.

At the ripe old age of 23, I'm still not quite sure what a "young man" is supposed to be, but it's safe to say that if you're of the male gender, you've probably been called one before. And as long as we're on the subject, allow me to deftly provide some kind of vague explanation regarding this thing we're calling Dirt.

We all know that Sassy is far and above, *the* mag for teenage girls. Period. But the magazine world has fallen short of producing anything for, ahem, young men, with a general interest in life itself. And a whole lot of subjects fall into the category of daily living, so that's basically what you can expect to find within Dirt. Sports, music, art, chicks, cars, celebrities, style, girls, motorcycles, females, global issues, current events, women, junk food, video games, and stone cold babes. That's everything I can think of right now, but surely there are some other items which will apply to Dirt.

By the way, forgive me for being such a cad. The name's Lewman, Mark. (Insert handshake or high five here.) My bros and I are the ones responsible for Dirt, and believe it when I say that calling ourselves "responsible" is stretching the truth a bit. Anyway, the infamous Spike Jonze, 21, is our Nikon-toting photographer. You may have seen his handiwork in skateboard, BMX, free-style, and music magazines if you're the kind of guy who pays attention. The high priest of art direction, Andy Jenkins, is the antique of the staff at a hearty 27. He's been to college, is married, and all that stuff. But don't call him an adult 'cause he's likely to dot your eye

and cross your t for you, mister. Writing duties are taken care of by yours truly. Collectively, we are the west coast-based, large livin', editorial fortress. It'd be a crime

not to mention that Jane Pratt and Mike Flaherty, hell, make that the whole Sassy staff, have helped us a ton with this endeavor from the New York end of things. You would never be reading these words if it weren't for them. We also recruited a couple of our friends to contribute a photo here, a column of type there, some modeling in exchange for clothing elsewhere. Thanks to you guys too.

It's amazing how much work it takes to get something like this off the ground-- a lot more than you would think. WAY more than we thought. But it was worth it to see Dirt go from an idea to a finished, living, breathing thing. Yes, we do realize that the page count is looking a bit skimpy at the moment, but to tell you the truth, this baby is a test to see if you guys like it, mostly. Depending on the response we get, more mounds of Dirt will soon follow. So respond. There's a survey in the back somewhere offering some choice prizes in exchange for your participation. You don't even know what kind of service you'll be doing us by filling it out and

sending it back. Your mom has already informed us that she wouldn't mind a bit if you stole a stamp from her purse.

Okay, okay, enough with the trivial matters. Now it's time to get down to business, so turn up your stereo, remove a soda from the fridge, and prepare to test drive what is surely history in the makings. Or if you're reading this within the confines of school, covertly smuggle it into your algebra class. Now simply hide it behind your textbook and begin browsing through this damn thing.

—Lewman
a Tuesday, 1991



The worldly, cutting edge, and certainly stylish cerebral cortex (i.e. staff) of DIRT pause momentarily from their blistering schedule for a candid snapshot in a typically suburban backyard. Note that their choice of accessories happens to be live mammals, signifying that they're not wrapped up in themselves enough to neglect the simple pleasures of life like man's best friend.

Loose ends, novelty items, and occasionally essential apparatus should always be strewn together and stored in a place for easy access. You might not understand why there's a flashlight with missing batteries, two boxes of crayons, and expired coupons to Dominos pizza, stockpiled with similar but no less dubious objects, but at least you know where to find them all—the kitchen junk drawer.

Hence the name and reason for our version of a Junk Drawer, located right here.

JUNK DRAWER

All photos by Jonze except where indicated.

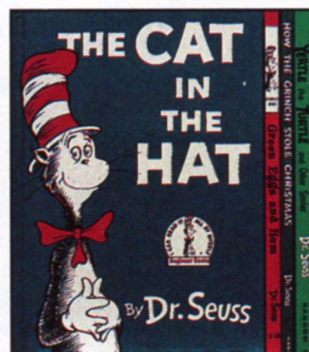
Look, even the cliché about clichés is true; All Clichés Are True. Proof of this is in any cliché. Here's one: What Goes Around Comes Around. That could mean good things or bad things. In the case of this column, Throwbacks, that means good things. Things too good to just fade away and die. For instance...

Example one Category: film (in this decade, video rental). *Easy Rider*. Released in 1969, this was Dennis Hopper's directorial debut. What happens when "looking for America" freedom-loving long hairs on choppers (Hopper and Peter Fonda, joined by Jack Nicholson) come face to face with bigoted inbreds in the deep South? This movie. A much more honest (low budget?) look at the 60's counter culture than Oliver Stone's *The Doors*.



Example two Category: stories. *The Cat in the Hat*, *Green Eggs and Ham*, and numerous others. Storyteller: Dr. Seuss. Rhyming tales that wind through chaos and mayhem to eventually resolve themselves. Positive messages that seep in like good music, not assault you like an overzealous shoe salesman. Cool simplicity for all ages.

throwbacks



Example three Category: clothing. Early '80s stadium rock T-shirts (pre Guns N' Roses era). Proof that you know where today's bands draw their influences? Or a case of tacky-cool? Either way, these gems are tough to come by unless you (or your mom) saves everything, or you have older siblings who still part their hair in the middle. Rolling Stones, Jethro Tull, Thin Lizzy, Def Leppard (when they had a drummer with both arms and live guitar player), Queen, Boston... Three-quarter sleeves "baseball" style are the most coveted.

So you see? One man's trash is another man's treasure. **Andy J.**

WE ROUNDED UP FIVE DIFFERENT BIG GUNS TO ASK THEM THIS...

[R O L L



"Just waking up. I'm lucky enough to be able to create my own day. I can wade through six magazines, play records and ease into my business. When creativity hits, I can even write a song on a napkin. It's great being able to wake up knowing you're in charge."

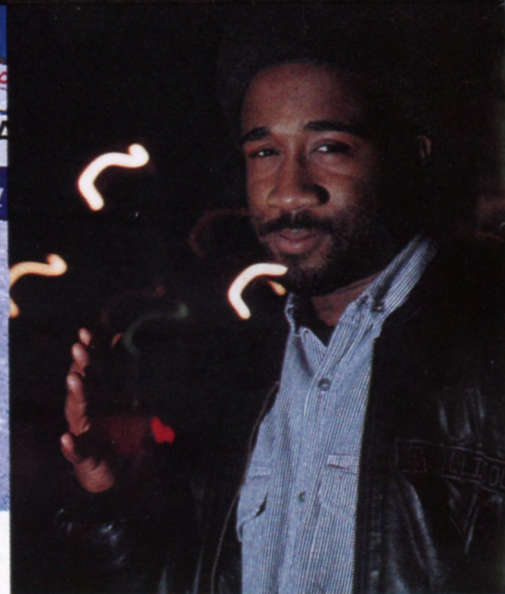
FRED SCHNEIDER, magazine reader, player of records, B-52.



"Motocross, snowboarding early in the morning with some deep powder, some six foot powder, and some steep knolls. Vertical skateboarding. Life. Life motivates me."

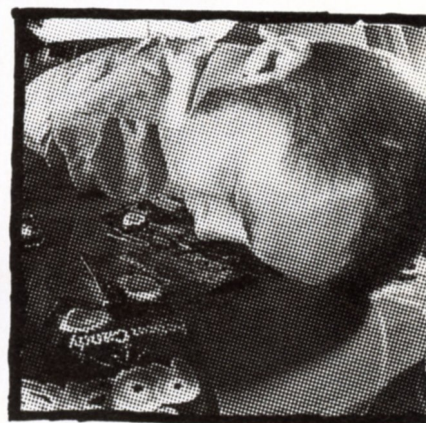
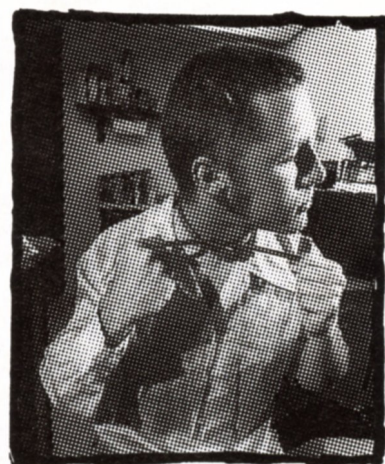
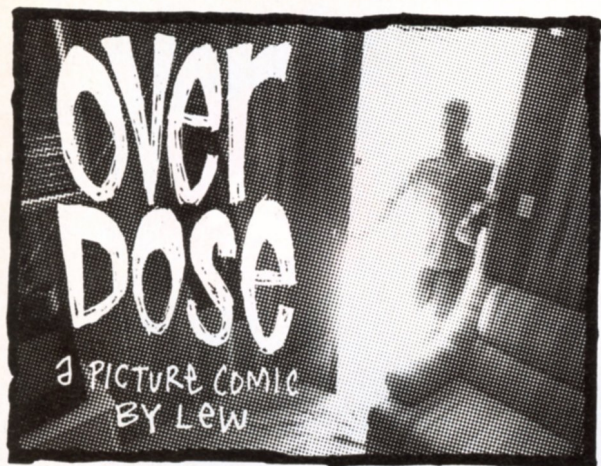
SHAUN PALMER, two-time world snowboarding champ and full time freak.

photo: fran richards



"My daughter, and just being able to get out of bed and enjoy the day."

MIKE G, Gourmet cook and Jungle Brother deluxe.



JUNK FOOD JUNKY: CHRIS MOELLER

PICTURES: SPIKE JONZE

CALL

WHAT MOTIVATES YOU?



"Love, hate and a damned good cup of coffee."

SCOTT IAN,

Hairless headbanging guitarist for Anthrax.

photo: george chin



"I'm pretty much motivated by the fact that I'm livin' overtime. I wasn't supposed to be alive this long, and I'm really excited about the fact that I'm able to live off doing something that I like. Also, I'm motivated by my friends. I'm from a situation where at least 25% of my friends are in prison,

and I'm all they got. I mean, it's like, they're never coming home. They call me every week, every day, and they're like 'Yo Ice, stay down with this. Tell the mother what time it is man. Don't send nobody up in here, this ain't no place.' I mean, I don't know if you've ever talked to anybody on death row, but it's a weird experience. They're never getting out. That right there is my motivation...I'm able to do this, and look what I coulda been. I got a lotta motivation, you know?"

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Do
you
want
to
get
wet
?

▼ cirque du soleil ▼ a "vegetarian" circus. by lew.

I've always had this thing for the circus—I hate it. I haven't been since I was five, on a field trip with my kindergarten class. My only existing memory is of an elephant going to the bathroom—a mighty, unsuppressed #2, very much to the delight of the entire class. You know how kids are...

To be perfectly honest, I think the whole anti-circus vibe on my part stems from deep-rooted fear. I got bit on the hand as a youngster, twice, both times at the zoo. Once by a donkey, once by a duck. I was trying to pet them, if memory serves correct. And I guess all these years I've sort of lumped the circus in with the zoo—they both have large animals and sell popcorn on the premises.

Anyway, to get back to the point which

I somehow misplaced, I've never really been a big circus fan. So when Spike pointed out that there was a circus in town, I told him thanks, but no thanks. Then he mentioned that this was no ordinary circus, just like Ponch and Jon were no ordinary California Highway Patrol officers. No sir. This was the Cirque du Soleil. For those of you who've let your French get a little rusty, that's pronounced "Sirk Da Solay". I think it translates into English as "The cool circus with no animals whatsoever." Or something

along those lines.

Comin' straight outta Canada (Montreal), the Cirque du Soleil is an innovative two-hour show loaded with stunts that will cause chin damage when your jaw hits the ground, if you catch my drift, Holmes. Highly spirited characters combine street theatrics, mime, audience participation (inadvertently, at times), a smokin' house band, and push the limits of human concentration and physical abilities to the extreme. Not to mention the original costumes, which



contain more spandex than the 1981 Van Halen World Tour.

Trust me. I used to think the circus was for clowns. But I would recommend Cirque du Soleil to anyone, especially those who are looking for a fresh alternative to the movies/video rental/TV scene. This would be an excellent place to take a date, or a wonderful opportunity to talk Pops into springing for tickets for the whole darn family. A brief schedule goes something like this:

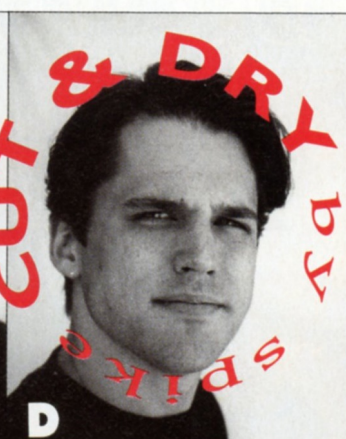
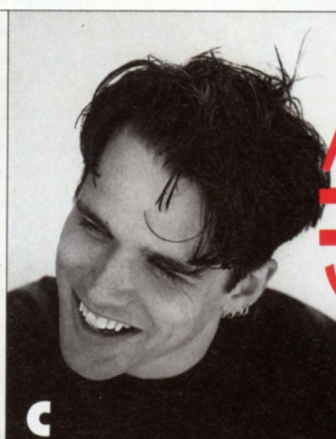
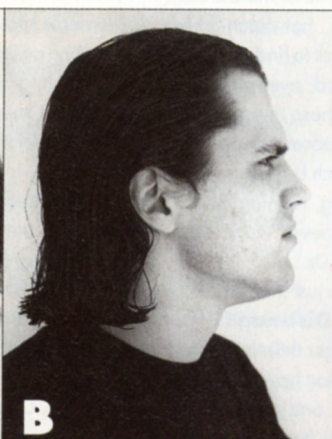
AUGUST, Toronto, Ontario, CANADA

SEPTEMBER, Chicago, IL

OCTOBER, Washington, DC

NOVEMBER, Atlanta, GA

Tickets and information available through Ticketmaster ticketing agencies.



Hair. It's very simple. Strands of dead skin cells sprouting out of your head in every direction. Depending on how you deal with the strands will decide on whether you are "cool" or "not cool." So in this ultra critical world of loud opinionated cynics, you have to be able to look in the mirror and say, "I don't look dumb." You have two options; wait for growth or cut with scissors (OR wear a hat—my personal addiction).

Here we show some possibilities (A-H) in the shortening category, made possible after around two years of lengthening. You can decide which look best suits your personality (or go the opposite direction), throw yourself at the mercy of your barber, or come up with your own hybrid hairstyle.

A Long Hair (I like guitar feedback/solos)

B The Bob (My girlfriend and I have the same haircut)

C Disheveled (I'm trying out for 21 Jump Street)

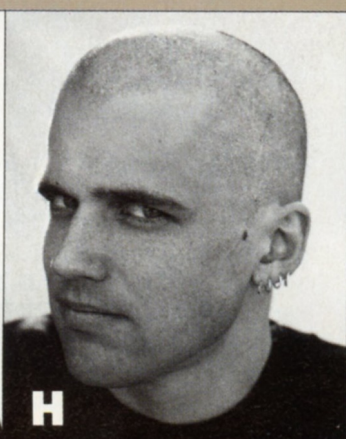
D Prepster (My college admissions interview is tomorrow)

E Julius Caesar (I'm on the list at all the hippest clubs)

F Desert Storm (get it?)

G Industrial / Fishbone (The mailman thinks I'm psychotic)

H Three Stooges "Curly" (Low maintenance—but I could be mistaken for a Nazi skinhead)



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DO WE

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TO

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TURBO EXPRESS

This ain't no Coleco hand-held football game from the fourth grade, but then again, it's not 30 bucks, either. The seem as simplistic as getting the hand-held (games fully compat-pad, and a full color of a snap-on tuner off your camcorder. tionary-sized unit will boGrafx home sys-65 games available, per. They look like the unit. If you have picking one up.



Turbo Express makes that relic a pair of dice. For your \$300, you're **TurboGrafx-16 Supersystem** ible with the home system), control monitor on which, with the purchase (\$99), you can watch TV or footage Fully portable, the paperback display all the games that the Turtem will. There are approximately ranging in price from \$20 to \$60 credit cards and slide in the back of the means, I highly recommend —Spike

VOLTAGE

SONY D-35 DISCMAN

I considered myself one of the die-hard holdouts. One of a dwindling breed of 12" tar colored plastic platter lovers... but damn if I say it right here, I sold out. As vinyl record albums become more and more difficult to find, I gave up the fight and caved in. I've joined the legions of followers paying for over-priced, over-packaged modern technology.

But wait, these things aren't so bad. Better sound, longer play, easier access to particular tracks, durability—and portability. Which brings us to the point at hand—music on the road. Walking, running, skating, etc. while listening. 12" albums would never work, where would you put the album covers? But CDs...

Sony has just the device—if you've got the bucks. The **D-35** portable **Discman**®. It weighs only 17 ounces and is just a little bigger than a bologna sandwich. Strap it on and remember that you have direct access to any track via a 10 key control pad and Liquid Crystal Display (LCD), and three possible power sources; a rechargeable battery (two hours of play from a four hour charge), a detachable battery case (holds two AAs), or an AC power adaptor. And when you get home it'll hook up to a cassette deck for recording (which is illegal, by the way). Lots of good recording features plus the time of day built in for you watch-less ones. Suggested retail is a little steep at \$399.95. Hold onto your albums, tomorrow you might be able to sell the collectables to help reimburse you for the CD equipment you bought today. —Andy



SWATCH CHRONO

Let's be frank—that day will come when you'll need the correct time and suddenly realize there are no watch-wielding passersby, that all the giant rotating LED time/temperature display signs you always see in front of banks have seemingly vanished... leaving you a befuddled hazard to society; constantly late, early or somewhere in between. Yes, this could be ugly.

Thank goodness there are companies like Swatch to deliver us from such annoyances by manufacturing a solution to the above-described trauma. Standard equipment on the wrists of those hep individuals who know what time it is, literally, watches have long since proven themselves a real boon to the very existence of anyone who strappeth one on. And besides, if they look as cool as this **Chrono** model by **Swatch**, you'll feel naked without it. Features include several high-tech-looking little dials on the face that act as stopwatch controls. A chic plastic OR genuine leather band. Shock-resistance. And as long as you venture no further than 100 feet below the surface, it's waterproof. Price: \$80.00. —Lew



DRAWER

non-fiction: A **GRAB BAG** of truths

Jane's Addiction leader **Perry Farrell** (real last name: **Bernstein**) may front the world's greatest rock and roll band, but singing wasn't what brought him from Florida to Los Angeles—it was his hopes of surfing the **pro** tour... Enquiring minds already know that **Jodie Foster** did some ghoulish time at the **LA morgue** prepping for her role in **The Silence of the Lambs**. But did you know that **Whoopi Goldberg** once worked as a makeup person on corpses at the morgue? Yikes... **Metallica**... Hoping for that magic combination of chart success and critical acclaim, the **Red Hot Chili Peppers** have recorded their forthcoming album at **Harry Houdini's** old mansion in Hollywood... In the upcoming **Speilberg** extravaganza, **Hook**, **Robin Williams** uses none other than **Powell-Peralta** skate executive **Stacy Peralta** to fill in during a hectic skate stunt scene... Speaking of skating: the skate industry was rocked in early summer when **Mark Anthony**, aka **Gator**, turned himself in to police and confessed to raping and murdering a girl, then burying her body in the desert near his home. At the time, Gator, 24, was ranked as one of the top 10 skateboarders in the world... From full-on motocrossers to Harleys to crotch-rockets to classic Vespas, if you want **free**, repeat, free information on purchasing, riding, insuring and financing any kind of **motorized bike**, dial 1-800-833-3995. **Discover Today's Motorcycling** is ready to flow stone cold fact-filled pamphlets. Just ask... **Dinosaur Jr.** fans be warned that **J. Mascis** has completed the musical score for an upcoming flick entitled **Gas, Food, Lodging** (directed by Allison Anders and due out in the late fall, early winter). Mascis worked in music by Dinosaur Jr., **Redd Kross** and **Nick Dreg**, as well as cameo appearances by himself and **Jeff MacDonald** of Redd Kross. **Ione Skye** stars... Be on the lookout this fall for a swashbuckling complete history of **Marvel Comics**, titled **Five Fabulous Decades of the World's Greatest Comics**. The epic book will contain 700 color illustrations and is being published by **Abrams, Inc.**... People who have sex should also have a clue. There is an excellent book available soon (spring 1992) by **Dr. Alan E. Nourse** called **Sexually Transmitted Diseases** published by **Franklin Watts**. Rather than rely on preaching or scare tactics, Nourse directly addresses teenagers with a writing style that's understandable and useful. Hence, a whole book full of not only "clues," but facts... Last but not least, we leave you with this quote by **Woody Guthrie**, **hobo/singer/folk hero/Renaissance man** of the Great Depression:

"I heard a senator on a radeo saying that we owed somebody 15 jillion dollars...called it the national debit. If the nation is government and the government is the people, then I guess the people owes the people, that means I owe me, and you owe you. If I owe myself something I would be a willing to just call it off rather than have the senators argue about it, and I know you would do the same and then we wouldn't have no national debit."--from People's World magazine, 1943.

compiled by **Neil Feinman** and **Lew**

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Elektra

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Accumulating experiences and making decisions is how you learn. You might know a little bit about everything, or a lot about a few things, or everything about a single subject. As you gather this knowledge, your accumulated experiences and decisions determine what you learn. You can decide, for instance, if you would like to learn your lessons by taking life's easy or difficult classes. Our friend, whom we will call Ben for convenience and safety's sake, chose the advanced placement course.

A product of his environment and a victim of his own ignorance, Ben set out 10 years ago to gain respect and earn a reputation that would be carried on. What he didn't know then was that in the crime-ridden neighborhoods he grew up in, you don't get carried on, you get carried out. His extensive studies have brought him here to share with you an informal thesis of a 23-year-old wise man.

a gangster's story

HARD KNOWLEDGE

THE BEGINNING

"There are some guys who were brought up in gangs. I didn't start getting exposed 'til I was nine, but the kids who are raised by gangsters as dads—man, they think everybody else is weird aside from themselves. When I hit junior high, I already knew I was gonna be in a gang. The guys who were older than me in the gangs knew I was gonna be involved. They got me and said, 'So, you're gonna get involved with the neighborhood, aren't you?' This was a few days before school started, and I was about 12. I told them I'd do what had to be done. That's all they needed to hear. After that, they had everything ready for me and about 12 other youngsters, but their eyes were on

me 'cause I guess they saw something inside me, I fit their standards. They socked the crap out of me and kicked me, but you can't fight back. If you fight back, you're gonna get it that much worse. As time went along, I took my beatings. I went through it about 14 times, got my a** kicked. All through the school year, I couldn't call no shots, I couldn't say nothing, I just had to be a follower and show my devotion by doing what they told me to do. If you take it serious enough, it's a brainwashing period. It was changing my whole frame of mind, my whole life, from the rest of the people. You can't act it—you have to be it. You take all your innocence and your motherly love, and you drop it, man. Totally change and stop giving a damn

about things and put your principles in another perspective. We secluded ourselves in what we did, what we talked about, and the way we acted and dressed and carried ourselves. The purpose of it is to change a kid the way he is in normal society to someone you can totally trust to be like you, act like you. We can tell him things that we couldn't tell other people because they wouldn't understand, but this guy will understand because we fed him and bred him the way we want him to be."

THE NEIGHBORHOOD

"That mentality took me down a bad street. My neighborhood became my religion, I just obsessed myself with it. It sounds ridicu-

lous now, but when you get your a** kicked all those times, and you're going through all this discipline, you're just brainwashed. Around this time, I was about 14. Two years had passed since my initiation period. My mom and I moved away to another state. When we moved back, it was to a different neighborhood. I didn't care so much about moving to a different location, but it was moving from all I'd fought for, all I'd strived for. I didn't realize that this new neighborhood was a new chance, that I could start high school and be somebody else. But I was still thinking the wrong way...

"One day I was walking around the track in high school. One of the members of another gang was walking

around the track with a couple of normies—normal guys—and he starts mad doggin' me, staring at me. I had to do something, because if I didn't, that's a strike on me in the sissy category. So I walked up to him and grabbed him by either the shirt or the ear, I forget which, and socked him in the throat and everywhere else. We we're going off. I didn't think it was that big of a deal, just a small fight. I knew it was serious when they called the ambulance and guy couldn't remember his own name. They wanted me to be in with their neighborhood after that. So within eight months, I've got my own crew of 15 members under my wing within the neighborhood. I was more trusted than their own members, because in that eight months so much had happened. I'd proved myself over and over with violence. I was making plans and getting connections to get guns to us in the neighborhood, but we needed money."

ORGANIZED CRIME

"I hadn't experienced much organized crime out here on the streets except with one member. They called him Tomas. I met him through a problem with one of the other guys in the neighborhood, named Johnny. I threatened him with a bottle because he was talking behind my back. I didn't want to do anything to him because he was small, but I knew I could mess him up. Two weeks after that, everything was cool between me and Johnny. He invited me down to his house to meet his family. We get there and his uncle is playing it real cool, asks me if I want a beer. Then he tells me sit down near him, and puts his arm around, telling me we're gonna get to be real close. I started to feel uncomfortable, but still hadn't caught on to much. He's talking to me, and then pulls out a knife and puts it to my throat, because of what I said to his

nephew. I told him that I threatened his nephew because he was talking crap about me, and he pulled the knife off my throat. We continued talking and he told me he wanted to get me into something, wanted to help me. Rather than go into total detail about how it happened, let's just say I was in. Not a full-fledged member of the Organization, but a type of soldier with them. Johnny was supposed to be some kind of important kid, and I was supposed to be his protector. He had about six or seven other dudes that were the same thing as me. You could tell us all because we each wore a necklace with a child's tooth on it."

PAYING THE PRICE

"I didn't get paid in the Organization, but I could get high whenever I wanted. I could get heroin or anything I wanted, but I didn't use heroin because of what it did to some of my homeboys who used it—it turned them into snakes. All I had to do was do what was asked of me, do what I was told. And this guy, the uncle, he was always around. I was under so much pressure when it came to taking care of Johnny that I started screwing up. I was told I wasn't totally devoted. The gang stuff stopped when I turned 17, and by the middle of my 17th year all this other stuff started. This was right before I went in. My friend Vince had just gotten out of the Army and was in the National Guard, and we used to party. Vince wanted to do my old lady, though. I told him if *she* wanted him, go for it. I got pissed off about it and told

Tomas. He told me if I had problems, come to him. One night Vince says he wants to go party with these guys from a gang down the street. I went to bed and came out a while later and looked down the sidewalk to see what was going on down the street. I see someone laid out in an Army jacket, stiff as a rock on the sidewalk. I looked at him and knew he was dead. I tried to give him CPR and something spits out all over my face and shirt—it's barf. A couple homeboys told

youngster who had family or whatever with the A.B. I didn't want to, I liked him, but I was always getting into fights with these dudes. I didn't want to fight him, so I told him to hit me first. He did, he touched my hat. That was bad. I beat the tar out of him, slammed him with a goddamn desk. Teachers and everybody were running. The next thing you know, man, about three weeks later I thought everything was cool and this chick comes to my pad, She said she had some



me not to go to the wake, but I went. I'm standing outside at the wake and Vince's brother starts accusing me of killing him. Tomas was also at the wake, and I asked him if he had killed Vince. He said he'd done it for me. I pulled my blade out and rushed him like I was gonna sock him, but I started going off, stickin' him. It was in front of the church with the family still inside the chapel. All the homeboys and gang members were standing around outside. But I didn't go to jail for that. Tomas wasn't about to do anything about it, and I was too small-time for the Organization to worry about."

PRISON BOUND

"After that, I got into some trouble with another

people outside who wanted to party with me. I went outside knowing it was a set up. I had given my butterfly knife away to some punk rock guy, so now I had a buck knife that didn't lock. I don't know why I had it that night, but I had it. These guys were waiting there across the street for me, so I said, 'You bitch,' and grabbed her by the hair while she was trying to run away from me. They told me to let her go, that she didn't have anything to do with it. I said, 'Naa, she had everything to do with it. She came to the door. You should have come to the door. She's dead.' I started stabbing her. They were gonna rush me and I put the blade to her throat. I told them I was gonna cut her head off, then I pulled the blade across her throat. But

you know what happened? The lock on the knife was broken and I lost more blood than she did. The blade folded shut and sliced my hand. I only stabbed her three times and not one stab mark went in more than a quarter of an inch. She was all right, she was out of the hospital in an hour. I was in the hospital for a week and a half because I almost died from a loss of blood. Then she identified me in the hospital. I thought she was dead, even the next morning when I woke up naked in general hospital strapped down to a bed. I was, like, 'Man, I did it. I finally did something and got caught for it. I'm gone. I'm never getting out, she's dead.' It relieved me to find out she was alive—it meant that I wouldn't do as much time for murder. Back then, as far as human life was concerned, I didn't have feelings. During that time I didn't even care about myself. I could get hurt, stabbed, socked, beat down...it was just

natural. I thought that's the way everybody thought."

CONVICTED

"I was supposed to be out in two and a half, but I ended up going in for five years.

I was real nervous at first. I thought it was gonna be the madhouse that I encountered later on. But it was cool at first. I started getting so comfortable I began playing jokes that could've got my a** shot. I walked up to one of the guards in Chino and put my finger to his back and said, 'Don't move.' He went off on me. There's certain cops who act mean. But the majority of the cops treat you with respect, until you disrespect them or they don't like you. After that, all the cops turn their attention toward you. They spit in your food, they mess with you, turn your light on, kick your a**. You're a sure target to get shot if you're in the yard. You better realize it from day one

that you'll never have any friends in prison—just associates. You just don't do what you don't want done to you."

ORGANIZED CRIME ON THE INSIDE

"I joined an Organization after I was in because I was already considered one of them out here on the streets. My minimum time was only two and a half years, but I kept screwing up. I caught a 15-month SHU program, and I didn't see the sun for a solid year, and then 36 days before I was cut loose to Mainline, I caught the attempted murder on a police officer and conspiracy to commit murder on staff, and inciting a riot. That led to 22 cell extractions. Twenty-two members of the Organization were extracted after me, through what I kicked off. I had to go through a lot of paperwork and red tape to prove that I'd defected from the Organization. I had to prove that they wanted to kill

me. I exposed a lot of secrets—I had to, because I was already in the cross for blowing the hit they had instructed me to do.

"First we were gonna shoot the cop with an arrow, but then we decided on a zip gun. We'd use matches, a magazine, thread, and zippers. You grind up match heads, and take the metal from your blue jeans. The fragments work like a shotgun. For a good zip gun, you always make a main piece. I used a piece from a writing pen. Then one of the soldiers, we took the fillings from his teeth to get the mercury out. We considered it 'donated,' but it was taken out and we melted it into the pen head. Once we used it on somebody, the mercury would get in the bloodstream and kill 'em. The gun wouldn't kill somebody alone, but the mercury was the thing that did it. It worked like a charm, except that I missed. It's not that easy



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to shoot someone through the crack of a door. I was aiming just a little high, for his head or neck, and he ducked down. If he wouldn't have bent over to pick up a roll of toilet paper he dropped as he handed out supplies, it would've hit him. If I'd have hit him, the plan was to dispose of the gun. It could be taken apart easily after the job was done. Flush the thread down the toilet, rip the cover off the magazine and flush it, and straighten out the magazine. All the pages that had the powder deposits on 'em would be ripped out and flushed before they turned the water off on us, so the DA would have no weapon. Sure, they would have the burn marks on the door, and the pen tip, but how did we do it? It'd be kind of hard, but they'd still end up prosecuting me and I would've gotten a heluva lotta time.

"After I got caught, the cops beat the hell out of me. They tazered me five times. Dude, I was all over the floor. I was scared of getting messed up, but while I was getting beat up, I wasn't feeling nothing. They screwed my head up bad. A big fat cop jumped on my head 15 times. That's what it was all about—when a normal person would be screaming and panicking, I was counting it. I'm in my boxers, while these guys got shields on, pads, metal vests on, batons, beating the life out of me. Jumping on my back. Standing on my ankles and wrists. I had five cops beating me up, and I'm counting this. Right then I knew, something's going wrong here. I thought they (the Organization) would appreciate me for going though that. You know what they told me? They said, 'You didn't kill that cop.' I told them I tried, but I missed. They said, 'That's all right, we know you feel bad. You're gonna do it again. The time's gonna come soon. Be ready for it, all right.'"

other ways to kill or hurt people inside. You make darts with a staple, just straighten it out, rip up a piece of paper like a feather, and roll another one around it. Stick it together with part of an envelope and shoot it. You can make poison with old urine, rust, you get whatever you can. Take your cellie's tooth out, or your own, to get mercury if you're desperate enough, which some people are. You can make a knife if you're gonna go out in the yard. You melt down plastic or cut off a piece of your bed by rusting a certain part of it using toothpaste. Scrape off the paint and put toothpaste on it, but it takes a little while. Then you take a wire from your radio or TV or your light and cut the knife out. You have to sneak it out into the yard, then you go after your target, man. Sneak up on him, wait 'til the gunner looks the other way or turns his attention to somebody else, and pull it out of

your boxers and stab that sonofabitch in the eye. There won't be enough time to actually stick somebody more than twice, so you either get 'em in the jugular, but if you got a piece of metal, get 'em in the heart. If you're using plastic, take his eye out."

constant fear that you can be attacked or beat or whatever. By not witnessing all this stuff out here, I could dream about it. Everything comes back to you in there 'cause you got nothing else to do but think and remember. I could think about it for about four hours in

"you better realize it from day one that you'll never have any friends in prison--just associates."

THROUGH WITH THE ORGANIZATION

"After I defected I was placed alone in a cell. It's paranoia, man. You're ready for anything, 24 hours a day. You sleep cool, but you wake up and you don't know when that cell door's gonna open up and they're gonna put somebody in there. You can't trust anybody. I started hallucinating in there. You're living in

one day. I could dream that we had an argument, right, and the next day I'll wake up, a couple days will go by, and I'll think that we actually had an argument, and I'll be sitting in that cell hating you, just not liking you, dude. Knowing that you're my enemy when in all reality we never argued about nothing. You just take a dream as being real. You smell the outside, you see the trees,

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you feel the breeze on you, 'cause when you're deprived of that, you're gonna dream about it. Your mind is gonna conjure up a lot of stuff, dude. Especially in your dreams."

WAKING UP FROM A NIGHTMARE

"Eight years ago I was living my life for the neighborhood. Just being down. I had my future all set up, I liked to be programmed. Back then if you asked where I thought I'd be today, I'd have told you 'prison.' It was steps. Go through the gangs and get my recognition. I'd get busted for something, go to the joint and do so much time, and get out. If there was nothing to get out to, then just stay in there and make it a lifelong project. Be respected inside there. I'm totally changed from what I could have been. I try and be open with people and be friendly. I'm in control of myself now, as to where I *thought* I was in control of myself by going off on somebody. I'm just looking for a way to get through the hard part and go for it. I'm like a jet airplane waiting to take off, but I can't man, 'cause nobody will give me the runway to take off from. They got blocks under my tires. Self-respect is something that's important to me now, but it's kinda hard to do that. How do I respect myself now that I've lived my life like a fool? Do you expect to get respect if you don't give respect? Did I disrespect people by my appearance, by the way I carried myself? I didn't think I did. But I guess I did. People would look at me like I was ugly or something to be feared. Was that what I was striving for? I was looking for respect and to be recognized as a man. I want to be respected as another person now. Just me. Who I am. Dude, I used to think that ladies would cross the streets hugging their purses out of respect when they saw me coming toward them. It was out of fear, man.

"Now that I'm out, I'm doing what I should have done eight years ago. It's like a new beginning. I do regret going to the joint, but it was an experience. It was lessons to be learned, but I could've just lived my life and known right from wrong instead of twisting it all around in order to be a man. I could have just been myself and become a man eventually, without having to go through all that. Now I gotta learn to open up and trust people. But how can you when you fought so hard to discipline yourself NOT to trust people, when the purpose of it was to not be anybody's fool, to not be used. But in reality, I was being used. I was just a puppet man, and nobody was

"It's not right to feel like you're 23 years old and you've already lived your life."

holding the strings but me. And sometimes I'd give the handle to somebody else to play with. My old friends, they're not there now. The old homeboys. The ones I kicked back with are dead, in prison, or Christians, or got their own lives to lead. They wouldn't have been the same now, the ones who didn't die."

WISING UP

"Today, if I were to encounter a 15-year-old kid who's in the same position I was in, I'd tell him, 'Man, you might think you got it together and you know what you're doing, but you don't. You're doing something that's totally a waste of time. You could be doing so much more. You could be yourself, for instance. And that's enough. That's all you have to do. Don't make the mistakes that somebody's already made 15 years ago, do something different. Don't force yourself into being something you're not, 'cause you're gonna live one hell of a hard



Illustration by Ben

life.' Having somebody who's real talking to him might lay an impression on him, but hey—there's always gonna be a tomorrow. It takes more than just word of mouth. It takes time. If you wanna change somebody who's messed up, you gotta invest time. Sometimes a person needs help to change, 'cause they're not strong enough. And they're the ones who think they're the baddest mothers on earth, but in all reality they're real weak."

TODAY'S REALITIES

"There will be certain times where I'll be trapped in my past. Thinking of things that happened. I can smell my skin burning from the tazers. I'll look at today and now, and today and now won't be real. The past will be what was real; today I'm just existing in a place that doesn't seem to exist. It's all too peaceful. It's not right to feel like you're 23 years old and you've already lived your life."

JAIL TERMS

YARD A small outdoor area (20 X 30 feet) outside the cell surrounded by 20-foot-high concrete walls. Prisoners are allowed yard time three times per week an hour at a time. Some yards are so narrow they look like hallways with walls as high as a light post, with a covered roof and cameras mounted on every corner.

SHU PROGRAM Security Housing Unit, sometimes referred to as "The Hole." Every time you leave your cell you are strip-searched and handcuffed. You're under supervision 24 hours a day. If you go off in here, they're shooting you. If you die, you die.

MAINLINE or POPULATION Unsegregated prison containing blacks, whites, Hispanics, Orientals.

BIRDBATH Cleaning yourself by filling the sink with water and using a cup. You give yourself a birdbath when no other shower is available.

VCU Violent Convict Unit. You're put in a cell for 10 days at a time, either naked or in boxer shorts. Usually you go in here after giving a cop trouble. You're given nothing and you sleep on concrete.

DING A 5150, which are the police call letters for someone who's mentally imbalanced.

TIPPED-UP Affiliated with a prison gang or inter-prison Organized crime. Mexican Mafia, Aryan Brotherhood, Texas Syndicate, Black Gorilla Family. These are mostly California prison gangs, but Organizations like these exist in federal prisons all across the country.

A.B. Aryan Brotherhood.

IN THE CROSS Your life is in jeopardy of being crossed out. You are in the crosshairs of someone's gunsights.

CELLIE Your cellmate.

TAZER Short for tazer gun. A stun gun which instantly neutralizes assailants with a painful electrical charge.

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Here's what I can tell you about Ian MacKaye. He's a 29-year-old regular guy who has involuntarily shaped the course of punk rock, particularly here in the States, with his do-it-yourself approach to the music industry. This all started about 10 years ago when he began to chronicle the local music scene in Washington, D.C. with his record label, Dischord. Currently he drives



name: ian mackaye

a 1978 Toyota Corolla station wagon when not touring with the astonishing four-piece unit Fugazi, which he handles guitar and vocal duties for. He is sometimes called over-righteous because of, heaven forbid, his refusal to sell himself at the expense of losing touch with the raw element—music, self-expression, a sense of consciousness. Onstage he is outspoken and will call it like he sees it. In conversations, one notices his habit of carefully choosing each word he speaks, the way a suburban housewife in her late fifties might just as deliberately select cantaloupes in the supermarket produce aisle. He strikes me as the kind of guy who probably has more than one cat. But rather than carry on with this third-person attempt to describe what he's like, perhaps Ian himself could be of help in a situation such as this. Mr. MacKaye?

Lew: "What do you do?"

Ian: (long pause) "Well, I do a lotta stuff, I guess. In the band, I just do what comes out naturally and put across whatever I put across. With the label, I document a particular community here in Washington that I feel a part of. As for the rest of my life, I do what I think is important, what I think is easy on the world."

Lew: "How did you learn to do all that stuff, like with the band and the label?"

Ian: "I just did it. It's accumulative knowledge, I suspect. Obviously I had an interest in music, and was inclined to keep working on music. There are a lot of things that I can't do, you know. Baptism by fire, I guess."

Lew: "What drives you?"

Ian: "First an idea, and then the responsibility to see it through. Once the ball is rolling, I like to carry it out. I'm not that interested in doing anything sort of half-assed."

Lew: "How old were you when you got involved with all this?"

Ian: "Actually, I would say that the beginning of this part of my life started when I was 15. It was with skateboarding more than music. I didn't get into punk rock through skateboarding, but eventually the two seemed to sort of link up somehow. I first started hearing it in 1978, and January of '79 was when I saw my first show. That totally changed my life. It really had an incredible impact on me. I started playing music when I was 17."

Lew: "Were you considered weird or

an outcast at school?"

Ian: "Our school was about 70 percent black, and so we were already the minority in that case. A lot of people made fun of you, but it was much, much more unpleasant on the streets, to tell you the truth. It started out as doing stupid things just to laugh, and you realized how angry everybody got about 'em, and you knew you were on to something really, really, good. The kind of reaction you'd get from people for doing dumb things like wearing a piece of clothing or putting stupid dye in your hair. Wearing children's sunglasses, whatever. The kind of reaction you got to this kind of stuff was so incredibly strong, it would get almost addictive so that you just wanted to continue and not fit in."

Lew: "What would you like to get into?"

Ian: "I don't know, but unfortunately, as long as I'm playing music, I don't make exterior plans. I never have. I just go with what goes, and go with what comes. I'd like to do some reading. I never went to college, and I think I'd like to become more acquainted with the language that I use."

Lew: "What are some other forms of entertainment that you like?"

Ian: "An occasional movie, I guess, and sometimes television is a nice diversion. I like to swim, although I don't have much of a chance to do that. Iced tea. Visiting my mom, that kind of stuff. I like to drive."

Lew: "How come Fugazi hasn't signed with a major label?"

Ian: "We have our own label already.

There isn't anything they could offer us except for wider distribution, but to us it isn't worth the loss of control we have with our own situation here. And from a label owner's point of view, why would I let go of our biggest act? It's funny, you know. We certainly have been approached by enough people, and our knee-jerk reaction was 'no way, we're not gonna sign to a major label.' But then, we thought about it really long and hard, but the more we thought about it, the more we realized it's really just not right for us. Another part of that is just to follow through, to show people. It's always bothered me that people work within the underground or alternative community, and as they ascend, they're pushing the boundaries of this community ever up, but at some point they always just jump off into the regular thing. Whatever... there's enough people in the regular thing, and I'm not interested in that."

Lew: "Where do you see yourself in five years?"

Ian: "I don't. I don't see. If you asked me 10 years ago if I thought I'd be on the phone with you talking about it now, I'd say no way. So having proved myself completely incapable of having any idea of what I'm going to be doing, I won't bother even trying to guess for you."

Lew: "What was the best thing you've ever done?"

Ian: "To put out my own record, I would suspect. Or to be in a band. I don't know. To do it ourselves."

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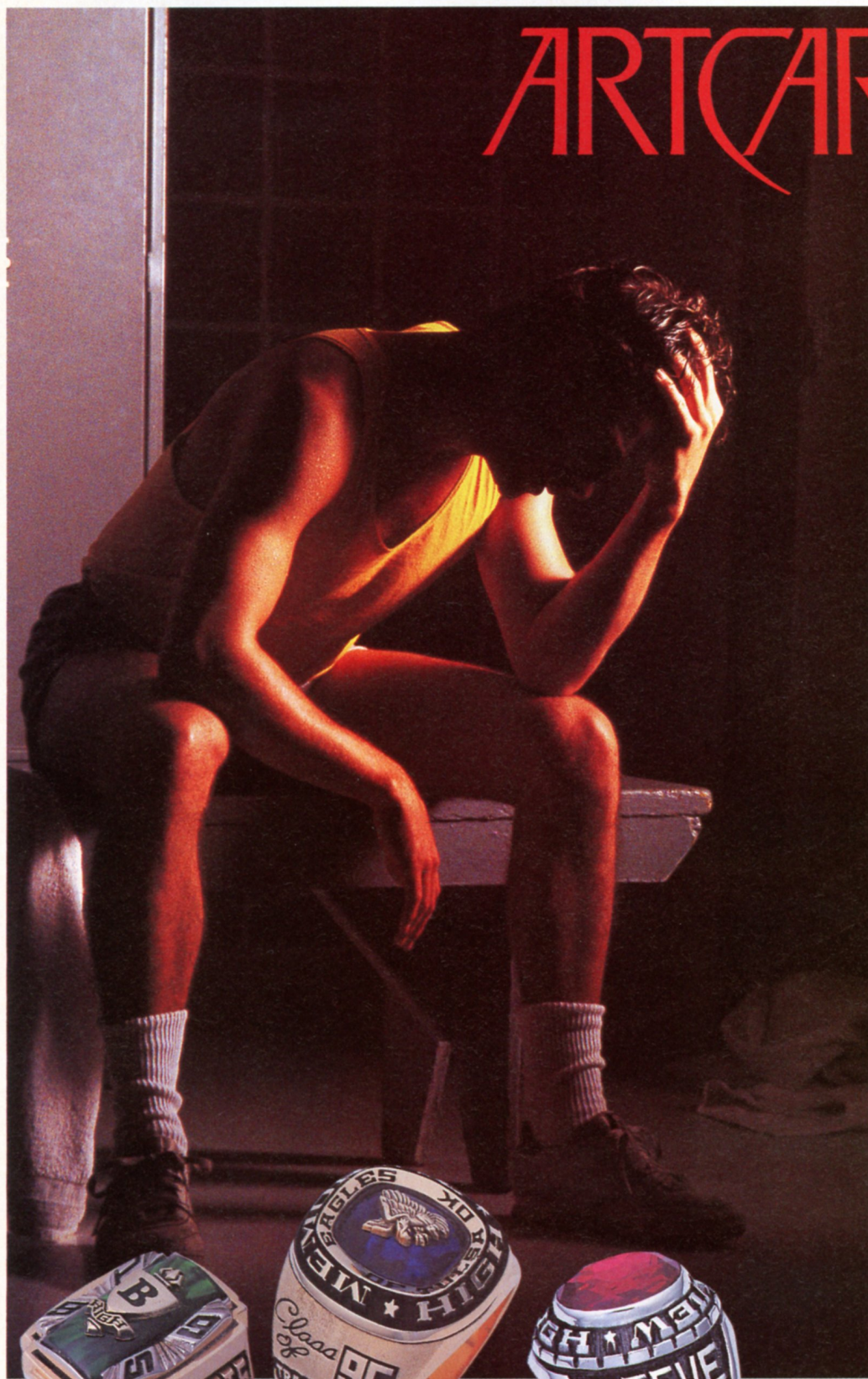
LEGACY



ALL-AMERICAN



MEDALIST





name:

jeff

After two absolutely reigning seasons of 250cc Supercross racing and 15 years in the saddle, 23-year-old factory Honda pro Jeff Stanton is so certifiably bad he's got himself a prominent Hollywood publicity firm representing him. That's big-time. If he wins the National Supercross Championships this year, he will become the second rider in history to win three consecutive titles, probably making him one of the most famous people to ever clear a set of doubles. If I may indulge in a bit of judgmental one-sentence life summary action, I'll tell you he's also the dumbest person I have ever met. Or the most focused. I'm still not quite sure which...

Lew: "What's your schedule like with your job?"

Jeff: "You really don't know much about the sport, huh?"

Lew: "A little bit."

Jeff: "Lots of running, bicycling and weightlifting."

Lew: "Do you go to races every weekend?"

Jeff: "For the last three years I've raced 56 races a year."

Lew: "What are your titles for the past couple of years?"

Jeff: "I won two championships each year, Supercross and 250 Outdoor National."

Lew: "Does that pay pretty well?"

Jeff: "Well enough to pay the bills."

Lew: "What about the dangerousness of it?"

Jeff: "No danger. There's no danger involved. It's about as dangerous as playing football."

Lew: "How did you get into it?"

Jeff: "Family hobby, just riding



stanton

with my mother and father when I was young."

Lew: "How long before you picked up sponsors who paid for travel and everything?"

Jeff: "Five years ago I rode for Yamaha, and they paid for pretty much everything. And three years ago I got picked up by Honda, and have been a factory rider ever since."

Lew: "When you have the time, what other kind of stuff do you do besides train and ride?"

Jeff: "No time. Train and ride, and spend time with my family."

Lew: "What kind of music do you use to get pumped up to before races?"

Jeff: "I don't listen to music. And it doesn't help you get pumped up for a race."

Lew: "What does?"

Jeff: "Nothing. To go out and relax is the biggest thing. You don't get

pumped up."

Lew: "Who were your role models when you were growing up?"

Jeff: "I didn't have any role models. I set my own examples. You have somebody as a role model, and that's as far as you'll get. Set your own goals."

Lew: "What about now, who do you see as your main competition?"

Jeff: "My teammate (Jean-Michel Bayle) and I have won all the races but two, so I'd say he and I are about the only guys who are worth a crap this year."

Lew: "How long do you think you'll be able to race for?"

Jeff: "I'm gonna do it for six more years."

Lew: "Then what?"

Jeff: "Nothing."

Lew: "You'll retire and do what?"

Jeff: "Kick back."

November wind bit at his ankles like one of those annoying lap dogs everybody's aunt has, and as a sort of counterbalance, Roger's hands voyaged deeper into his pockets than lint had ever been. Skeletons of what were only months before lush green corn fields stretched forever on either side of him. Ahead and behind; the same ill-paved two lane strip he had been on since yesterday. Overhead; the sky was the same familiar shade of molding potato that it had been all week. Missouri, Roger decided, was about as intriguing as a Knight Rider re-run.

Of course, thanks to dear old Dad, television had been nonexistent up until about two years ago. Just what every kid wants as his right-of-passage into adulthood—freedom of remote control. But after only a few weeks worth of viewing, Roger found the programming on all three networks to be suspiciously similar, dissolving whatever fascinations he had built up through years of hearing his classmates talk about "The Dukes of Hazzard" or a truck-driving chimpanzee named Bear. The sarcastic families, *real* police officers, dramatic law students and helicopter pilots with gusto on every channel could be summed up in one word: *whatever*. The redundant combination of characters and obvious plots were simply not his cup of tea. It came across as being conceited as hell if he tried to explain to people why he didn't watch TV, but frankly, he *knew* it was conceited as hell and still didn't care. Which is exactly why he had already walked one thousand three hundred and some odd miles from home.

It wasn't so much a case of a smart-assed rebel's anti-social principles as it was simply a matter of cause and effect. Or a lack thereof. Offhand, Roger could name at least three dozen "successful" people who could sit in one place forever spinning their wheels with grins on their faces, pleased as punch that they were in the driver's seat, baby. School and a part-time job in the bookstore had enabled him to anonymously observe the greater population of movers and shakers his hometown, Eureka, California, had to offer.

Roger passed a nonchalant wooden sign that declared "Welcome To Missouri—The Show-Me State." Had he passed this sign armed with spray paint, he might have been tempted to deface it and provide those travelling on foot in November through Missouri with a more appropriate welcome. Something along the lines of "Missouri Sucks, But Not Really In A Bad Way. You'll Probably Get Used To It." From a rather skimpy

f i c t i o n

RAIN, TRAINS & PAIN

A STORY ABOUT
FORWARD MOTION

by Lew

looking tree directly to his left, a magpie cawed out in agreement.

Nike's brilliant three-word advertising campaign and world famous T-shirt slogan, "Just Do It," was more or less the same advice Roger's father had been offering for years. It wasn't until this past summer that the billboard-like logo began showing up on two out of three torsos in Eureka, while Roger sat back, quietly, trying to uncover what *wrong* with everybody, for Pete's sake. Here was a legion of idiots parading around advertising the most contradictory statement they could make about themselves. And then it dawned on him that he was as bad...no, no, he was worse...than they were. He had drive, but no control, which he found fairly threatening. It was like he was in the driver's seat of a car, only instead of spinning his wheels and going nowhere, like everybody else, *he* was speeding along without the aid of a steering wheel. Within 48 hours after discovering this astonishing new information, Roger gave his father the news that he was taking control of his life. A hitchhiking stint across the United States would serve as the perfect testing grounds. "If you're gonna do it, then do it," was his father's parting advice.

At first he had tried to continue walking as the sky came tumbling down all around him, ignoring the dampness that brought back vague childhood memories

of coming to in a freshly peed bed. It was the chill he finally gave in to. There was a certain sense of satisfaction, knowing that he was alone, out in the middle of nowhere, in the rain, in control. He had put himself in this situation, and by God, he would get himself out of it. Approximately 40 minutes across the Missouri state line, that is exactly what he did; got himself out of the rain. The foreboding appearance of the trestle from a distance was matched by a dankness, although this feature was revealed only after Roger had settled under its wings of concrete and rusting steel. Sitting on his haunches, he unshucked his backpack and conjured up as much excess phlegm as he could muster, unleashing a wad into the foul air, roughly the size and viscosity of half a scrambled egg. Wrapping himself within the heavy longshoreman's coat and placing the most comfortable portion of the pack behind his neck, he settled back and became just another indistinct configuration beneath the structure looming 20 feet above. Now at least partially sheltered from wind and rain, with his eyes closed, he could have been listening to one of those new age CD's with titles like "Ocean Rain" or "Cleansing Meadow"; that unsettling natural soundtrack crap was the kind of music frequently played in THE BOOKWORM back home.

When exactly he fell asleep was not really an issue, since time takes a back seat to reality while hitchhiking in the rain. It was how he awoke that he considered particularly splendid. Cocooned in a state of hibernation, the pebbles and debris that began randomly descending onto his body from the ceiling went unnoticed. The reverb of some ungodly object approaching from an unknown direction miles away also did nothing to arouse Roger. If he heard this sound subconsciously, it was mistaken for Jesus bowling—thunderheads in the distant sky. Not until the racket had risen to a decibel level equivalent to an idling 1951 Indian motorcycle, the ground had become alive with kinetic energy and a rust chip the size of a nickle hit him square in the forehead did Roger sit bolt upright, sending out a diabolical Morse code transmission with his wildly blinking eyes. Four seconds later the six-engine freight train roared overhead at 40 miles an hour, and no greater display of inertia had ever been presented to him.

As the products of the greatest industrial nation on earth were pulled across the country towards awaiting K Marts, Roger unzipped his hip pack and pulled out what remained of his bankroll. A hundred and two dollars. It was curious how much more in tune one becomes with one's financial situation as the money begins leaving, first in glorious fistfuls, then in sporadic bursts. He folded the bills several times to give the wad an appearance of thickness, the same way a balding man might comb his hair over the receding hairline to convince himself that he wasn't so bad off, really.

The rain had stopped during his slumber, and there were still several hours of grey daylight left. Under a moving train, with only the slightest feeling of

sheepishness at the thought of himself standing stark naked from the waist down, he changed into the only other clothes he had bothered to bring on his cross-country travels. His dry uniform of Levi's, a flannel shirt, a Cal State Fullerton sweat-shirt, hunting socks and Fruit of the Loom buttugger briefs had not seen a laundromat in 11 days. Rolling his wet clothes—the "clean" ones—into a constipated-looking ball, he caught a whiff of something that took a second or two to place; a fungus-encrusted synthetic wig, soaked in vinegar, locked in the trunk of a 1964 Pontiac GTO. He slipped his arms through the shoulder straps of his knapsack, pulled a hopelessly crushed pack of Dolly Madison powdered donuts from his coat, and resumed walking directly toward nowhere in particular, one step at a time. Kicking loose gravel with his ragged Doc Marten boots, Roger recalled a nugget of wisdom that his father had once shared regarding crooked people: "A sure way to spot a culprit is to compare his teeth to his shoes. A man doesn't usually think to hide what he can't see. If his shoes are real expensive and his teeth are all screwed up, it contradicts what he's all about. Sometimes ugly things come wrapped up in pretty packages, Rog. You remember that." And so he did.

A highly self-educated man from Tennessee with an affinity for collectable Star Trek merchandise, new age music and clothes that were straight off a Creedence Clearwater Revival album cover, Roger's father had ridden the trains to California at 20 to exchange the farm life for the city lights. After finding work as a fisherman in San Francisco, he began dating and inevitably moved in with a part-time comic book illustrator who would eventually bear Roger. Married for seven years, the Southern drawl of Tennessee eventually drove his shrieking banshee of a wife out the front door one afternoon, leaving behind her husband, their used book store and infant. As the son of a single parent and independent businessman throughout the 70's and 80's Roger had been pelted with large doses of good 'ol boy common sense, 60's idealism, Swanson TV dinners, classic literature and a healthy amount of inherited courage. Not the raw, macho courage that one might associate with a swashbuckling hero a la Hollywood, but a kind of fearlessness that was fueled by the need to understand. As far back as he could remember, Roger had always tried to find out *why* things were before simply *believing* in them.

Throughout childhood, there had been very few instances when Roger had found himself outside Eureka. Once, at the age of 12 or 13, he had visited his

cousins in Reno, Nevada for a week. And on several occasions he had gone into San Francisco with his father. But the truth of the matter was that there was not a great demand for used books in small Northern California towns, Eureka in particular. The income THE BOOK-WORM brought their household was enough for the two of them to get by on, but barely. Family vacations were nonexistent. This same limited budget which had prevented Roger from seeing and experiencing what the world had to offer, which had made him feel like things were out of his control, was a key factor in his decision to embark for points unknown. He had once felt that he would be in charge of his destiny if only he had financial independence. Wealth brought power and power was control. Only after stepping outside of his fixed point of view did he realize that true control was different in every given situation. The \$102 in his hip pack was worthless way out here in the middle of nowhere. When he got to Chicago in a day or two, it would take on new meaning.

Walking head down, locked deep in thought, the only sounds he had come to expect were boots on pavement, wind and the chafing of his backpack against his shoulder blades. When he heard it coming, it was be-

cause the poor road was vibrating the hell out of the chassis. The approaching vehicle would be the third that had passed him today, if you counted the freight train as a vehicle. He turned around and stopped walking simultaneously, as though an imaginary Marine Corps drill instructor had shouted an "About, Face". Making its way towards Roger was a late model Ford pickup truck, metallic blue. He was in the right place at the right time—his watch revealed it would be only a little over an hour before sunset, and just as he was lowering his wrist he felt the first drop pelt his cheek. Maybe this guy was even going all the way to Springfield. Roger stuck his thumb out and struck up his best "Hey man, I'm hitchhiking" pose, standing just on the white line at the edge of the road. Fifty yards away and closing fast, the truck hadn't slowed, but Roger somehow couldn't believe that this guy was going to pass him by.

The deteriorating exhaust system beneath the truck drowned out Roger's verbal message to the driver, but his hand gesture was clear enough. Looking out the rear view mirror, the driver saw the hitchhiker fold in his thumb and raise his fist, middle finger fully extended. He kicked at the brakes and locked the truck up into a skid, then fumbled with the shifter as he threw her into reverse, the whole time looking out the rear window. He backed down the road at top speed and skidded to a stop again, this time blocking the road with his truck parked sideways.

From the gun rack in the rear window of the cab, the man pulled what could have been an axe handle or a sawed-down pool cue and approached Roger. He had said something, too, although for the life of him Roger couldn't remember what it was. At first he appeared to be missing a front tooth, but as he drew nearer, it turned out he had an almost cartoonish gap right between his front teeth. You could've fit about 60 pages from any book in that gap. Then he swung the club, and there was a loud whacking sound as Roger's forearm blocked the blow. Three whacking sounds later and Roger was on the ground, writhing in pain. The man slammed his foot into Roger's chest, trying to sink into a rib, and Roger saw the boots were new. Shiny, made of skin, not leather. Maybe snake, maybe something more exotic. Regardless, pretty fancy for some clown in a beat-up Ford pickup to be sporting.

A few minutes after it was all over, Roger still lay there at the edge of the road, bleeding, savoring what had just happened...a classic example of cause and effect...of every action having an equal and opposite reaction. This is control, he thought. The rain had gently started again.



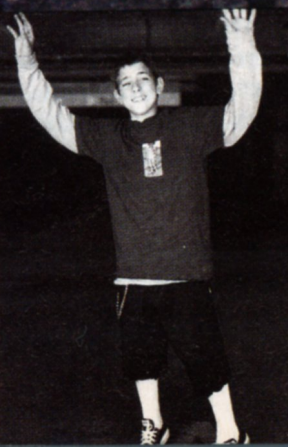
LOW MAINTENANCE

We all wear clothes, fashionable or not. And for the most part, everyone is good at wearing them—just pull 'em on and you're set. There is little or no skill involved. But when it comes to caring for clothes, that's usually more trouble than it's worth. Who has the time, or even wants to think about "hang drying," "pressing," "hand washed garments," "sanfordizing," or any other laundromat terminology. You have to wash them eventually and isn't that hassle enough?

So along these lines we came up with what can only be called "Low Maintenance Clothing." You know—the kind of garments that don't clash with stains or wrinkles and feel good straight out of the dryer or dirty clothes pile. Basic hints at getting by with the least amount of work, without looking like the dirtball you really are.

We called up a bunch of companies to get clothes, some of which actually sent some (see clothing credits). We called up some friends and promised free clothes (see models). We took some pictures (see staged scenarios). Maximum wear, minimum care.

S p i k e





On track one we have Eric (right) and Natas occupying clothes they don't mind getting a little paint on. Eric is armed with a Jets hat by Eds West. Underneath the International News button-up shirt is a plain black T-shirt made by Chess King. Strapped to his wrist is a dressy sort of watch made by Lorus. The black denims are Blue Zone by Chess King. Thick cotton socks by Garage, also available at Chess King. On his feet, the new Air Jordans from Nike. The dozens of aerosol spray paint cans are trash we found on location.

Natas, who is striking an incredibly hard pose, is wearing the latest in pre-post-neo-pseudo street garments. Ballorama shades by Ray Bans are responsible for hiding the fact that his eyes are closed. Bomber jacket by United States Air Force, via Roy's Army/Navy Surplus. Of course he doesn't go bare-chested under that jacket—the shirt's made by Introspect. Heavy-duty diver's watch by Lorus. Ultra-loose shorts by Gotcha. Socks by your momma. Desert Boots by Airwalk.

Remember: With some paint on your clothes, a sloppy painter can be mistaken for a serious artist.

LOW M



When Jason is deciding on an action-ready wardrobe (left top), he selects items that are mobile, sturdy and immune to disease. Of course, availability is essential too. Jason spent a few seconds throwing these duds on the morning of the shoot. The Introspect denim overalls were waiting by the foot of his bed under his Bowie albums. His Soundgarden T-shirt hung haphazardly over the doorknob. His left Ranger policeman's patrol shoe was in the closet, the right one tucked behind the dresser. And for the ultimate in convenience, he slept with his Swatch on, wrist imprint and all.

Remember: Keep your hands clean by wiping any excess motor oil on your pant legs. Wipe on the backs of the calves, behind the kneecap, where nobody looks anyway.

With the big rage sweeping the fashion industry this year over the Eating @ Denny's apparel, we threw this little ensemble together (left bottom). The flannel shirt from LL Bean is excellent for spilling food on. Ray demonstrates here with an ice cream sundae, but we also recommend you try clam chowder, gravy, syrup or any Italian food. As for the jeans, which are made by Levi's, not only can you spill things on them, but you can wear them tomorrow and still look cool. Classic black hi-tops by Vans. T-shirt is an Introspect logo deal. Head coverage by Eds West (St. Louis cap), dark socks borrowed from Ray's cousin Don.

Accompanying Ray is Marisa, who picked out this stunning outfit composed of Levi's cords (thick), white 1979 Adidas sneakers, Hanes cotton T-shirt, and an old jacket from everyone's favorite fashion outlet, the Salvation Army. Marisa opted for the streamlined simplicity of a Coca-Cola as her meal.

Remember: Dark colors and loud patterns hide stains.

Not the cleanest, but probably the most used trick with wearing clothes is making one outfit into a few, through different combinations of the same clothes (four small photos). Using a long-sleeved T-shirt by CP Shades, a short-sleeved shirt by Blind Skateboards, a pair of Stussy cotton pants (cut off at the knee), and low-top Converse Chucks, Guy can and often does actually travel for a few days, only bringing what he has on. Guy keeps his essentials (money) chained to himself at all times with a Harley-Davidson wallet. Exposed boxers by Fruit of the Loom.

Remember:
Everything is reversible, don't sleep with your shoes on, don't take any wooden nickles, and don't hesitate to borrow your friend's socks.

All photos by the
King of Low
Maintenance,
Spike Jonze.



"hey BABY,

THE approach

Asking your neighbor, Phil, if he wants to shoot some hoop down at the park after school is no big deal. Sizing up your brother, Joe, to see if he'll drive you on a burrito run to Taco Bell is not something you'd give a second thought to either. Or asking your friend Rick if he'll record the new Guns N' Roses album for you if you give him a blank tape—hardly a difficult request. What makes everyday, ordinary questions so easy to ask?

- A). You know these people.
- B). What you're asking is very mundane.
- C). Kissing them has never crossed your mind.

Not that the thought of engaging in a 45 minute tonsil hockey session is what compels you to ask a girl out. But, there's gotta be *something* that makes your Adam's apple turn to cement, your palms become dangerously moist, and your voice turn to that of a babbling idiot when you get within 30 feet of the woman of your dreams. What's the absolute worst thing she could say if you asked for her phone number, or inquire what she's doing Friday night? Hint—it's a two-letter Scrabble word that starts with N and ends with O. When you break it down on paper like this and realize that the only thing holding you back is fear of hearing that word, it makes strolling up to a succulent young female seem like cake. Then why is it I hear the *Mission: Impossible* theme song blaring in my head when I even consider approaching a real live girl and fixing myself up on a date? Take it from somebody who, 99% of the time, chokes so hard he needs the heimlich maneuver when within range of a potential date; it takes *guts* to ask a girl out.

Debating for hours over which line will definitely woo her off her feet and into your arms is never going to work. It will end up sounding unbelievably pre-fabricated and constipated, if you even remember what you were going to say by the time you approach her. Spontaneousness and remaining loose as a goose, or at least, being yourself. THAT's what girls really, honestly like. How do I know? Because I asked some. Provided herein are a certified panel of experts who, by no coincidence, also happen to be stone cold foxes. Allow me to introduce the friends who assisted me in compiling a non-obligatory, but handy, Do's and Do Not's list.

In alphabetical order we have:

CATCHPOLE, KAREN A quick-witted Sassy staff writer and ex-farm girl turned NYC nightlife kingpin. Cooler than the storage facility at Haagen Dazs.

KELLY, CHRISTINA The brain/voice box behind the super-underground college rock sensation, Chia Pet. Oh yeah, she's also the entertainment editor at Sassy. If Christina was a slab of beef, she'd be filet mignon.

LYTE, MC Rhythm queen and dream machine who scored her first MTV hit singing on Sinead O'Connor's 12" dance mix of "I Want Your (Hands On Me)" back when she was only in high school. Currently she breaks hearts and the Billboard charts as a rap solo artist. Word.

PRATT, JANE Sassy's irresistible editor-in-chief. Note the abundance of Sassy staffers—hey, what can we say. They're cute, smart, and provided us with very funny answers. Here's the part that'll kill you—the *whole staff* @ Sassy is like that. If you're ever in New York, arrange to take a "sightseeing" tour of the offices.

WUHRER, KARI You've seen her on MTV as a VJ, and no doubt longed to delve into her dating past. Not only does the camera treat her well, but her sparkling personality almost makes you forget you're talking to a woman so hot she scored a major role in the upcoming "soon to be cult classic" *Beastmaster II*. Lordy...

After spending considerable time interviewing each and every one, I have honed our forum's priceless responses down to 21 key items for you to keep in mind before, during, and after your date. Asking the girl out is still going to be the hard part—nothing we can really do for you there. Being yourself and just going for it has a remarkable success rate, though, if that's any consolation. Anyways, here is some good advice which should steer you in the right direction.

Subliminal message: these are not rules set in stone.

Kari
Wuhrer
(top,
photo:
Sunny
Bak),
Karen
Catchpole
(center)
and
MC Lyte
(bottom)

DO...

1 It's really important that you treat a girl the same way around your friends as you do when you're alone. **Kari**

2 I love things like guys opening doors. But not in a way that's sexist—I just think it's considerate. **Jane**

3 Be really cute, preferably Irish. **Christina**

4 Definitely brush your teeth, even if you're not gonna be getting any tongue action. It's very very difficult talking to someone with bad breath. **Karen**

5 Have tickets to see a really cool band. **Christina**

6 Recommend something that you both like to do. **Lyte**

7 Make me feel like I am the most beautiful woman in the world. You'll score points, major. **Kari**

8 As far as the whole paying thing, offering to pay is a Do, but then splitting the bill is fine. **Jane**

9 Have a sense of humor when asking a girl out. **Karen**

10 Sometimes it's better to do something where you don't have to talk so much, like go to a concert or something. **Jane**



Photos: Spike Jonze

WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?"

AN IDIOT'S GUIDE TO FIRST DATES. by Lew, an idiot.

Another subliminal message: no two girls are alike. The girl you may ask out could be totally opposite from the girls we asked to compile these lists. When in doubt, use your best judgement and be cool.



Christina
Kelly
(left)
and
Jane
Pratt
(bottom).



do NOT...

- 1 Ask too many serious, deep questions on the first date. **Christina**
- 2 Let me know you like me. **Christina**
- 3 Get dressed up, or at least, don't wear clothing you don't feel comfortable in. Or put too much time into your appearance. **Jane**
- 4 If the girl suggests doing something you don't really like, don't do it just to impress her. **Lyte**
- 5 Put restrictions on my character by telling me how to act. Let me be me. **Kari**
- 6 Make it anything that's too intimate and cozy. **Karen**
- 7 Never use the word "date" to describe what the two of you are doing. **Jane**
- 8 Never forget about it and ask her friend on a date if she says no the first time you ask. It's better to stay persistent rather than let both girls know you're unsure of who you like. **Lyte**
- 9 Never, ever wear plaid with stripes. But that's sort of a universal "Don't". **Karen**
- 10 Be afraid of gaps in the conversation.

You don't HAVE to talk all the time. But if you want to keep the conversation going, find out what the two of you have in common. I always talk about music. **Kari**

11 Bring flowers. It comes off as too much, it makes you kind of uncomfortable in the early stages. **Jane**

For a glimpse into the personal lives of the interrogate-ees, here's some additional dirt, if you will, which surfaced during the interviews.

The best date MC Lyte ever went on was dinner aboard a yacht.

Jane Pratt threatened to pull rank and edit any incriminating evidence from this story regarding herself. I think it only fair to disclose that Ms. Early Bloomer met her first boyfriend when she was three, and went steady for the first time in the second grade. Holy...

After a very jealous boyfriend pulled a knife and began chasing her around his dormitory, Kari Wuhrer ran into New York City's Union Square in her underwear. Talk about traffic grinding to a screeching halt. Needless to say, she dropped that loser like a moldy donut.

Karen Catchpole will deny any man who is "even vaguely smarmy" should he approach her for a date. Make a mental note to check if you're vaguely smarmy before approaching girls who appear to have Karen Catchpole-like qualities.

Karen Catchpole once went on a date that consisted of polishing all the chrome on a pickup truck with a toothbrush.

If you're going to ask MC Lyte out, don't even think of asking her to write her phone number down as she signs an autograph for you. "That's sooooo corny."

The same friend set Christina Kelly up with the two most horrendous dates she ever went on. One with a British guy who was really boring and took her to see a really boring British movie, and the other with a balding, overweight, older man who worked on Wall Street. Christina survived both dates, barely.

Ms. Kelly met her current boyfriend by walking up and asking what song he'd just punched into the jukebox.

Kari Wuhrer borrowed her current boyfriend from her best friend. "We still get along..." Yeah, right.

Jane asks guys out more than she gets asked out. How often does she pop the question? "Many many many times."

Karen says she's plagued by this problem; when you're getting dressed up for a date, the harder you try, the worse you look.

Lyte, Jane, and Karen are all lacking boyfriends at the moment.

Unfortunately I forgot to ask the girls their zodiac signs. Had I remembered, I think it would have made a real nice touch to the article. Maybe next time.

It's 1986 and I'm at the Hollywood Palladium. The Cramps are on stage, roughly mid-way through an evening of debauchery, when suddenly out of the depths of the dance floor a sneaker takes flight (high top variety, condition brown and wet) and proceeds to bounce off the body of a writhing Lux Interior. Without a moment's hesitation he picks up the rank object, fills it full of dark red wine and drinks. Every drop.

It was one heroic gesture absorbing

another. The result was a supreme moment of heroism in the form of audience/performer collaboration.

I only remembered that moment after seeing Jane's Addiction at the same venue in December 1990. A shoe took wing that evening as well, striking Jane's front man Perry Farrell in the shoulder. Perry picked up the shoe, paused and thought (or maybe not). He then proceeded to lecture the audience (singling out the unknown individual who sacrificed half of their footwear) as to the many reasons one should not throw shoes. He taunted the unknown perpetrator with threats of violence, daring him to approach the stage and be subjected to Perry's wrath.

Who said anything about a fight? Farrell failed to see the gesture for what it was: a rock and roll accolade. An acknowledgement of a heroic performance. One heroic act begetting another.

So what's so heroic about throwing a shoe? It's not so much in the shoe as to why it's thrown. Great rock and roll, "heroic" rock, generates such behavior. Punk rock was built around such a mentality. Performer and audience collaborating within a pool of sweat and noise with a mutual hatred of what rock on the outside had become: Pure hero worship (which is not to be in any way confused with the heroic gesture). The simple fact that The Cramps, Jane's Addiction or any other band can generate such behavior is a sign of hope. A message from people who don't want any more rock heros, only moments of heroism that performers and audiences can engage in simultaneously.

After his lengthy diatribe regarding the shoe, Farrell went on to tell his audience that he likes to be "where the people are," that "that's where the energy is", and that life as a star is difficult and confusing. Little did he know that someone that night wanted to make his life a little easier. Bring him down to where the people are. You see, regular folks get humiliated all the time.

Perry never got the point that evening. A repeated assault during an encore ended the performance midsong. Perhaps next time that he's bestowed with the honor of being struck by a shoe, he'll put the thing on, leave it alone, toss it back, or fill the disgusting vessel and drink, sending out a casual reminder that few people walk home with one bare foot from a gig they didn't like.

in
defense
of the
one-shoed
rock and
roller

a
view
from
the
crowd



Stephanie, the most luscious girl in your whole telephone area code, accidentally grabs your hand instead of the industrial-sized box of Milk Duds sitting in your lap. You assume that her reaction—recoiling as though she just stuck her hand into a shoebox full of tarantulas—is only because she's embarrassed about making physical contact with you. This is your first date, and it's a known fact that Stephanie is not only cute as a button, but shy as a lamb. As a countermeasure against her turning nine shades of lobster in the seat next to you, you grasp her hand and give it a knowing squeeze. This time she doesn't pull away, and in fact, seems to like it. On the 50-foot screen looming in front of you, Steven Seagal proceeds to knock about 13 guys unconscious with rapid-fire kicks and blows to his assailants' chests. His ponytail is flagellating wildly, and the veins in his forehead stick out like turds in a punchbowl. The on-screen activity excites Steph, and she sort of snuggles her head into the crook between your shoulder and your neck. Things are looking good. Reeeal good. Before today you'd never, even in your wildest dreams, imagined yourself and Stephanie going out on a date. But here the two of you are, fused as one, in the Cineplex 12, soaking up a good old-fashioned cop Kung Fu action-adventure thriller. This is bliss. This is nirvana. And things are only going to get bett...

grooming by lew

Your alarm clock, pouncing at the chance to slay even mildly pleasant dreams, is particularly cruel this morning. It knows just when to strike, shattering eight hours of tranquil hibernation with that unmistakable, angry buzz. It will take several minutes of attempted dozing for you to realize that Stephanie still hasn't acknowledged your existence, and that the snooze button only provides a very temporary escape from this reality. At 7:38, with just 32 minutes to get out of your house and on with the awaiting day, your feet hit the floor and the drive shaft of personal hygiene is engaged. Below is a checklist of rituals that you might include when making the transition from pajamas to street clothes. Technically this stuff is referred to by doctors as "personal grooming", but to tell you the truth, I've always associated the term "grooming" with giving a poodle a haircut. And besides, if this is personal grooming, does that mean there's such a thing as "impersonal grooming"?

Your physical appearance affects your self-esteem, which in turn affects who you are and what you do. On the other hand, don't feel like you're some kind of freakish mutant or anything if you don't spend an hour and a half in the bathroom every morning getting ready. Different standards apply in different situations. Going to your brother's wedding and helping your buddy Walter take the engine block out of his 1977 Chevy Nova, for instance, are probably at entirely different ends of the hygiene Richter scale, if there is such a thing. This checklist below is provided merely for your convenience and to fill you in on anything you may have missed that time you fell asleep during the flimstrip in health class.

- **Shower.** This ranks A-number-one in importance with most people when it comes to feeling clean. Rinse off yesterday with soap and water, and give that hair a once-over with some shampoo while you're in there. There are many options as far as what kind of soap/shampoo/conditioner to use. Dry thoroughly with a clean towel, otherwise your clothes will look like you've sprung a leak when you put them on your damp self.

RECOMMENDED: Every morning, before dates, and after gym class.

- **Underarms.** Deodorant takes away the smell, antiperspirant takes away the dampness. You can get a combination of these two wonderful features in one stick or roll-on applicator—don't use aerosol cans. There's already a hole in the ozone layer above Antarctica the size of Europe, no need to add to it.

RECOMMENDED: Post-shower or whenever you stink.

WARNING: Sometimes it's hard to tell if you have BO, so don't be afraid to give your pits a sprucing up if you think you need it more than once a day.

- **Mouth.** Clean teeth and fresh breath are easy enough to get, but then again so is halitosis. Brushing is mandatory. Flossing is better. Topping it all off with a gargle of mouthwash is like dressing your mouth in a tuxedo. Your dentist asked us to tell you to brush and floss after every meal. By the way, if you haven't seen your dentist in the last six months for a checkup, he also said to give him a call and set one up.

RECOMMENDED: At the very least, every morning and night. Bad breath, like BO, is hard to detect on yourself.

- **Shave.** That peach fuzz will eventually turn into coconut fuzz, which leaves you no choice but shaving if you want to retain that clean-cut boyish face. To take a walk on the wild side, mustaches, goatees, sideburns and the like can be attained by letting the desired areas grow in over a period of several days or weeks while shaving the rest of your face. As far as the

hardware is concerned, electric shavers tend to prickle the first few times you use them, and require an investment. Incidentally, you probably won't make it out of your teenage years without receiving one from a relative as a Christmas or birthday gift. Bladed razors (disposable and non-electric razors) require shaving cream as a lubricant, but 9 times out of 10 provide a more precise shave than electric razors. Sometimes, you can cut it a little *too* close with a blade and nick yourself. Unless you're a hemophiliac, any cuts received in the line of duty should stop bleeding within a couple of minutes. A small piece of tissue paper applied to the wound will help dry things up if you're in a complete rush. Regardless of what kind of razor you choose (both types work fine), always shave slowly and go up or down, not across the grain of your beard.

RECOMMENDED: Hair grows back darker and fuller the more you shave, and as time passes, you might notice that you need to shave more often, like every other day instead of once a week.



By the time you're shaving three times a week, you'll stop growing in height.

- **Hair.** Style your hair while it's wet, using a comb. Where, if and how you part it depends on what kind of haircut you own. There are dozens of brands of goop you can put in your hair to make it do everything short of sit up and bark. Gels, mousses, creams, and sprays will keep even the most rambunctious cowlicks under control for hours at a time. But remember: The more you use, the more dirt and oil your hair will attract. Wash accordingly. See "Cut & Dry" for different haircut ideas if you're seeking a new look.

RECOMMENDED: Immediately after showering, before school pictures and whenever you suspect your hair looks stupid.

- **Skin.** There are over-the-counter medications available to tone down acne, which affects virtually all teenagers. The more oily your skin, the higher your chance of getting zits. If you operate the fryer at a Long John Silvers, for example, after an eight hour shift your skin could probably use a good scrubbing. Medicated pads, astringents, facial soap, hot water and a washcloth all get the job done. An ounce of prevention equals a pound of cure, so don't neglect to clean your skin when it needs it.

RECOMMENDED: Morning and evening, for instance.

- **Scents.** This stuff is optional, but adds a cool touch. Colognes are available over the counter at drug and department stores and can become your distinct, personalized trademark. Think of it as kind of like your own theme song playing every time you enter a room. Just remember to pick the right tune, and not to turn up the volume too loud. Dousing yourself with a double handful of some nostalgic fragrance that smells like your uncle might not be a great idea if you're planning on going, say, *indoors* at any time during the day. Hot tip: Fragrance counters at department stores have sample displays readily available.

RECOMMENDED: Wearing cologne might sound a little too sophisticated or overboard to do on a regular basis, but important events like dates, job interviews or activities requiring formal attire are prime examples of when this stuff could come in handy.

Yo slick. Before you embark on that personal grooming mission, look into the following certifiably suave brand named goods. All have been approved by the hygienic-as-hell staff of *DIRT*, if that makes a difference with you. This is good stuff.

SHOWER EQUIPMENT: Condition by Clairol, Pert Plus, New Zealand by Redmond. **ARMPIT IMPLEMENTS:** Mennen Speed Stick deodorant, Right Guard anti-perspirant and deodorant, Sure. **MOUTH TOOLS:** Close-Up, Oral B Toothbrushes, Pearl Drops. **SHAVING APPARATUS:** Gillette Sensor Shaving System, Noxzema Shaving Cream, Drakkar Noir After Shave, Bic Shavers. **HAIR UTENSILS:** Dep styling gel, Super Clean Styling Gel by Paul Mitchell, Bold Hold by Alberto Culver, L'Oreal Studio Line styling products. **SKIN CARE PARAPHERNALIA:** Sea Breeze, Noxzema astringent, Noxzema Anti-Acne pads, Clearasil. **SCENT SUPPLIES:** Colors De Benetton Man, California For Men by Max Factor, Obsession For Men by Calvin Klein, Samba For Men.

photo: spike jonz

PROBE

We'd consider your filling out this Probe a huuuuuge favor. In return, we're offering a whole slew of randomly selected rewards, courtesy of the folks at Sire Records and a little phone scamming on our part. Fifty cassette copies of the current releases from **Ice T, The Cult, Ministry, Dinosaur Jr. and The Replacements**. That's 250 randomly lucky guys who will get a **FREE** tape (retail value \$7.95) mailed directly to their house.

DUDE. READ THE FINE PRINT.

- * Print legibly with a writing utensil. No chalk or spray paint allowed.
- * To ensure our information is accurate, we must limit this Probe to the male species who are residents of the United States. Any girls reading these words, please, please, please get a guy to fill this out. *DIRT* has no intention of being chauvinistic or strictly exclusive about its readership, but for this survey we really need to gauge responses from our primarily targeted readership, which is a fancy way of saying we need to hear from young men. The more (hint, hint), the better. Thanks.
- * Enter as many times as you like, but each entry must be enclosed in separate envelopes. Odds of winning depend on the total number of entries received.
- * Alternate method of entry: Include your name, address, phone number, and birth date on a 3x5 card and send to address below.
- * A deadline of October 30, 1991 has been placed on returns. That gives you several weeks from our cover date to respond. On October 31, at 9:00 AM the entire *DIRT* staff form a semi-circle and draw 250 responses from a large cardboard box at random. Those chosen will receive their cassettes within 4-6 weeks. Entries cannot be returned—duh. This contest is subject to all federal, state, and local regulations. Liability for federal, state, and local taxes imposed on

the prizes is the sole responsibilities of the winners. Employees of Sassy Publishers, Inc., Sire/Warner Bros. Records, Inc., their agents, affiliates, and families are not eligible. And, surprise, surprise, this contest is void where prohibited.

* If you've gotten this far, reading the fine print that goes along with the Probe, then we assume you're either really really really bored right now, or you liked *DIRT*. Hopefully the latter. Thanks for reading. We had about the best time ever slapping this baby together, and would greatly enjoy the opportunity to do so again. Only the next time around, way thicker. A greater variety of features. More stunning, spine-tingling photos and cagey, clever writing from people who are obviously some kind of geniuses. Check it out. Our fate is in your hands, man, so do us up. Seeing's how our next *DIRT* is going to depend on the **thousands and thousands** of responses we told the bosses they'd be getting back from this survey, it would be **very easy** to convince these bosses that *DIRT* would make a killer **monthly** magazine. Of course, we're not trying to implant any ideas in your heads or anything by suggesting that you **send this back** just to ensure *DIRT*'s future. Naaa. We're actually just really concerned that you try and win one of those tapes, because all the bands are so cool, and face it—you could always use a free tape, right? We thought so. Stay cool.

Lewman, Jenkins & Jonze

VAGUE SECTION

- 1) Your age: _____
- 2) Do you know anyone famous? _____
- 3) What career would you like to pursue? _____
- 4) Who do you respect? _____
- 5) It's an ordinary weekday. For the sake of argument, we'll say it's a Tuesday. What are you going to wear today? _____
- 6) If you had trouble with the last question, examine what you are wearing right now. Pause for five seconds, then continue on with the survey.
- 7) Do you regularly buy or subscribe to any magazines?
☐ You know it. ☐ No way.
- 8) If so, which ones? _____
- 9) What do you currently use for transportation? _____
- 10) If you could move anywhere in the United States, where would you go? _____
- 11) What was the last good birthday/Christmas present you received? _____
- 12) Do you have a girlfriend?
☐ Heck yeah. ☐ Uh-uh.
- 13) Have you ever made a prank phone call?

- 3) Three movies worth the admission (or the rental fee): _____
- 4) Three actors OR actresses who flat-out rule: _____
- 5) Three books you'd recommend to anyone: _____
- 6) Three television shows that are pretty darn good: _____
- 7) Three Musketeers candy bars are:
☐ Brown. ☐ \$.40 ☐ Not as good as Chicken McNuggets.
- 8) MTV has one good program—name it: _____
- 9) Three great sports: _____

FINANCIAL SECTION

- 1) Do you know whose head is pictured on the dime? _____
- 2) Is \$120 too much to pay for a really cool dog?
☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 3) Do you think ticket prices for concerts are getting way out of hand?
☐ Yes. ☐ No.
- 4) What's the best prize you think you could win if you were a contestant on "The Price is Right"?
☐ The door prize (year's supply of Lava hand soap). ☐ Luxury living room furniture. ☐ Car. ☐ "Showcase Showdown."
- 5) Do you have a job or receive an allowance?
☐ Ye\$. ☐ I wi\$h.
- 6) How much dough do you clock per week? _____

ALL-TIME-FAVORITE SECTION

- 1) Please list your three favorite magazines: _____
- 2) The three best bands in the world: _____

continued on back...

MULTIPLE-CHOICE SECTION

Okay, this part of the survey is where it gets a little tricky, but you can no doubt handle it. On the multiple-choice-type answers (the questions with about 10 different topics to choose from), what you need to do is mark down your four (4) favorite selections IN ORDER by marking a number in the box. A number "1" means it's your favorite, "2" means it's your second favorite, and on down the line to "4". Don't be a wise guy and mark in two "1's" in the same question...

1) Imagine yourself eating soft-serve ice cream out of one of your dad's bedroom slippers. You are wearing an oven mitt shaped like a fish on your left hand.

2) Just kidding. But seriously... what are you into (remember, in order of importance):

- ☐ Sports. ☐ Cars/motorcycles. ☐ Video games.
☐ Reading. ☐ Celebrities. ☐ Music. ☐ Comics.
☐ Learning. ☐ Art/photography. ☐ Current events/news.
☐ Girls. ☐ Other: _____

3) What do you spend your money on (in order of importance)?

- ☐ Candy/soda/junk food. ☐ Clothing. ☐ Cars/accessories.
☐ Magazines. ☐ Movies/entertainment. ☐ Girlfriend.
☐ Video games. ☐ Sunglasses/jewelry/watches, etc.
☐ Skateboards/bikes/snowboards/skis, etc. ☐ Music.
☐ Sporting goods. ☐ Other: _____

4) List your favorite brand name(s) of the following:

Car: _____
Motorcycle: _____
Pants: _____
Shirt: _____
Shoes: _____
Soft drink: _____
Restaurant: _____
Candy: _____
Snack food: _____
Camera: _____
Blank cassette tape: _____
Stereo/electronic equipment: _____
Skin cleanser/acne medicine: _____
Razor: _____
Cologne: _____
Hair products: _____

5) Which of these global issues are you most concerned with (in order of importance)?

- ☐ Drug abuse. ☐ War. ☐ AIDS. ☐ Teenage suicide.
☐ Drunk driving. ☐ Censorship. ☐ Abortion.
☐ Selective Service. ☐ Conservation. ☐ Racism.

- ☐ Animal rights. ☐ Gangs. ☐ Human rights. ☐ Recession.
☐ Homelessness. ☐ Other: _____

6) Rate your everyday concerns (in order of importance):

- ☐ School (getting good grades, being accepted to college).
☐ Fitting in/being accepted by peers. ☐ Good relationship with parents/family. ☐ Safe sex. ☐ Participating in sports.
☐ Getting a car. ☐ Getting a girlfriend.
☐ Your personal appearance. ☐ Fleas.

7) What's your next step in life (pick one)?

- ☐ Job. ☐ College. ☐ Armed forces. ☐ Travel.
☐ Trade school. ☐ Other: _____

DIRT SECTION

1) What was your overall opinion of *DIRT*?

- ☐ Way cool. ☐ Readable, definitely. ☐ Okay, but kinda lame.
☐ Weak, weak, weak. ☐ Other: _____

2) Would you purchase *DIRT* as its own magazine in the future?

- ☐ Sure. ☐ No way.

3) What did you like about *DIRT*? _____

4) What would you have changed if you were in charge? _____

5) Please rate the articles in *DIRT* on a 1-10 scale, with 10 counting as the best possible score. Mark your answers in the boxes.

- ☐ Cover. ☐ What Gives? ☐ Junk Drawer.
☐ Name: Jeff Stanton. ☐ Name: Ian MacKaye.
☐ Hard Knowledge. ☐ Hey Baby, What's Your Sign?
☐ Low Maintenance Clothing. ☐ This.

6) If we draw your name as a prize winner, pick your tape preference (based on availability):

- ☐ The Cult. ☐ Ice T. ☐ Dinosaur Jr. ☐ Ministry
☐ The Replacements

7) General comments (optional): _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: (____) _____

Alright, now that you're done filling it out... ALL PROBES AND/OR CONTEST ENTRY BLANKS MUST BE MAILED TO: DIRT, 230 PARK AVENUE, 7TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10169.

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Dick

and

Harry

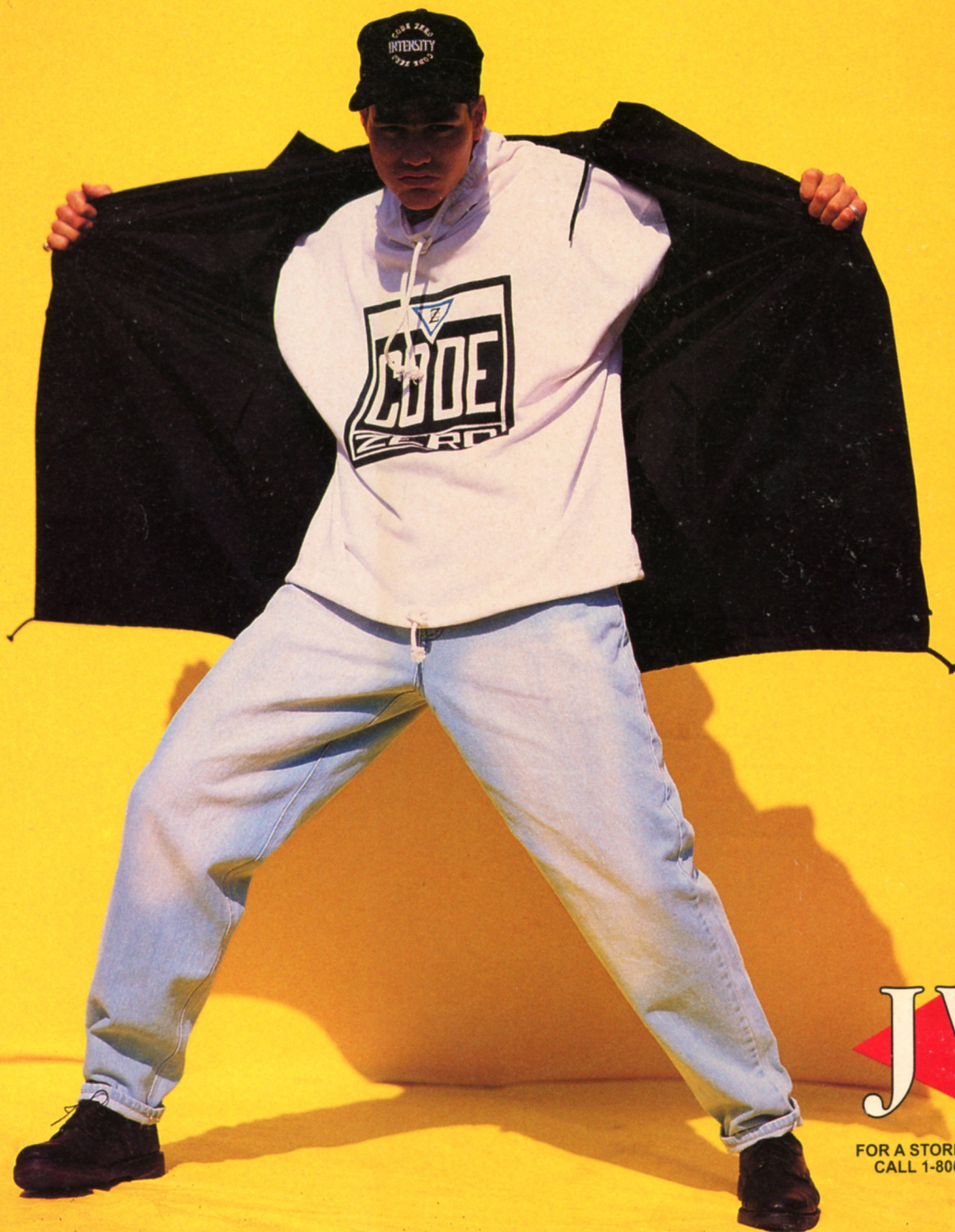
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Photo by Don Flood

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